HE NEW PLAYS The Foolkiller. "The Alaskan" Is Another Midsummer Frost.

fare along Broadway must speedily arrive at the conclusion that New York holds out one hand for the rivening lemon, while with the other it pays the highest market price. This is the time of year when something almost happens. A few managers open their houses to dog-day "productions," and the public is bitten. Whatever standards these theatres may have established in the dim but dignified past are sacrificed for rentals that keep cobwobs from form ing in the box-offices. There are some dismul illustrations of this along the main Time of the rubberneck coach, and swear and swelter as you may you can't stop the silly season from making a further fool of itself. One desperate dramatic critic did his best to stop it by buying a perpendicular farm and disguising him self as the common or garden variety of agriculturist, but scarcely had he started picking the festive potato bug and putting in his crop of rye and Scotch than duty dragged him, shricking and kicking, back to the musical comedies that fear neither roasting nor rental. And still they come!

"The latest arrival is "The Alaskan," a cold-storage melodrams, with little music worth mentioning, that promises to achieve the distinction of being the greatest midsummer frost on record. "The Alaskan", is housed at the Knicker-bocker. In leaving home it made one fatal inistake... started wrong. It should have gone northwest and kept right on going until it reached Nome. Why rob Alaska of its own when we don't need any musical messes to-day, thank you?

Mr. Harry Girard may answer that he wanted us, even if we didn't want him and his "Alaskan." Mr. Girard is doubly the hero of the piece. Not only is he the boss miner on the job, but he bleats his own music music that suggests he has jumped the claim of many a composer on his mad rush to the East. Incihe has succeeded to an extraordinary degree in killing whatever melody the old songs may have contained. The orphestra makes the first onelanguit in an opening concert-no mere overture-and Mr. Girard finishes the job when he opens his fiannel shirt at the neck and bleats a heavy burden of sentlinent off his chest. A picture prologue with dogs helps out the orchestra, but th dogs are sadly missed when Mr. Girard starts in to prove that writing music from memory is by no means the worst thing he does.

Help comes only toward the close of a long, tiresome act, when the chormen march out as Totem poles and Mr. Edward Martindell sings a song to match one of the quaintest effects seen on the stage since the march of the toys in "Babes in Toyland." Mr. Martindell, too, sings very well and looks very well, even though he may seem too whole-souled for dery-day wear,

Strander, a Broadway favorite (on the programme), and he brings with him "Florodora" sextetters, who display rare intelligence by going to work as miners. No work could be harder than staying in Mr. Webb's company, as the audience quickly discovers. Miss Agnes Cain Brown is an belress, but her volc mouth very wide and emits strange sounds. Her voice is three sizes too large for her and is constantly escaping. Mr. Harold Vizard, like the music ought to be able to find a great many around the Knickerbecker before long.



EAR me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "I promised Fanny Wilmerding to write her once a week and let her know if the janitress was airing her flat and if she shut down the front room windows if it rained and if her cat and canaries were being taken care of!" 'What of it?' asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, here she writes me again, saying she's so nervous, not hearing from me, that her vacation is being spoiled. She's afraid something has happened her Angora and that the janitress has left the shades up in the front room and the sun has ruined her carpet, or that the rain has come in and spoiled everything or that her canaries are being neglected." Everything is all right, isn't it?" asked Mr. Jarr.

T suppose it is," said Mrs. Jarr. "I haven't seen the janitress for several days, but if anything had happened to Mrs. Wilmerding's cat or canaries I would have been told, and she gave the janitress two dollars and promised her three more when she came back."

"I thought you were to go in Mrs. Wilmerding's flat every day and see if everything was all right. You promised you would," said Mr. Jarr. "Don't you think I have anything else to do besides looking after Mra Wilmerding's flat?" asked Mrs. Jarr in an injured tone. "Bosides, she's paying

the janitrees to do that, and, another thing, I'm certainly not going in her flat If anything is missed I'll be in a nice position, won't I? And if the sun does fade her carpet or moths get at her things or the rain comes, in, who'll be blamed? Why, I will! So I'll just mind my own business!"

and keep an eye out for flat thieves while Mrs. Wilmerding was away and she'd do the same for us when we went away in September?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Oh, you hear too much!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "I can't say a word out of good manners, but what you seem to be ilstening to throw it up to me afterward. If Mrs. Wilmerding is going to worry over her yowly old cat, and that canary that never sings and the cheap sticks of furniture in her old flat, what did she go away for? Before I'd impose on my neighbors like she does I'd stay

"Certainly, I'll answer her letter!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I promised I would and when I make a promise I keep it. I'll write and tell her that my other letter

You didn't write another letter, did you?" asked Mr. Jarr. Well. I intended to," said Mrs. Jarr. "And I'll be sure to write her to-night and tell her it will be all right. For, poor thing, I suppose she does worry. A man wouldn't care what happened his home when he is away, but a woman does. I know just how she feels and I will write to her this very night!"

Go ahead," said Mr. Jarr. "And I'll take it out and mail it." "Oh, you are very accommodating for Mrs. Wilmerding, ain't you?" said Mrs. Jarr. "But if it was a letter I wanted to get off in a burry you wouldn't volun-

"I thought you did want to get it off in a hurry," mumbled Mr. Jarr Well, I don't," said Mrs. Jarr. "She's got a nerve, putting me to so much

trouble. But, oh dear! That's always the way!" Nothing more was said about Mrs. Wilmerding's letter that night, but in the morning two postal cards from Atlantic City arrived from the neighbor, on one of which was written, "How are Dickle and Tootsie? Please answer!" And on the other, "Is everything all right? I'm so worried!"

"Can you wait a moment till I write a note to Mrs. Wilmerding and will you be sure to post it for me?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Sure!" replied Mr. Jarr good naturedly. Then Mrs. Jarr rearched everywhere but could find neither pen nor ink. "I suppore I'll have to use that engraved note paper too," she said. "It's a shame to waste it on Mrs. Wilmerding, and it's so dear and I've only a few sheets left.

Mr. Jarr handed over a lead pencil. "Oh, never mind waiting," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm going downtown shopping

and I'll mail it. You'd forget it and carry it around in your pocket anyway!" When he returned in the evening he asked Mrs. Jarr if she had written to

her friend yet and Mrs. Jarr said: 'Oh, what's the use? She'll be home the end of the week anyway, and I can

Suppose she doesn't look after our flat shile we are away?" said Mr. Jarr. "It would be just like her," replied Mrs. Jarr. "She's one of the most selfish and inconsiderate women I know of. But she will all right. Do you think she sould resist the temptation of nosing through our flat while we are away?"

Famous "Laconicisms."

ACONIANS, whose chief city was Sparta, were famous in ancient Groece not only for their success in war but for their scorn of luxuries and their brevity of speech. When King Philip of Macedonia, father of Alexander the Great, threatened them. saying, "If I enter Laconia I will level your city to the dust," they sent back the reply, "If!" Their short answers gave to the Finglish language the word "laconic."

There are not a few famous laconicisms of later times, says the Chicago News. Talleyrand, when told on one occasion that a certain notorious personage. sick and in great pain, was suffering the torments of the lost, made the wicked Shall He Give Her Up?

John Wesley once met a blustering fellow in a narrow path who confronted him, saying, "I never make way for a fool." "I always do," returned Wesley,

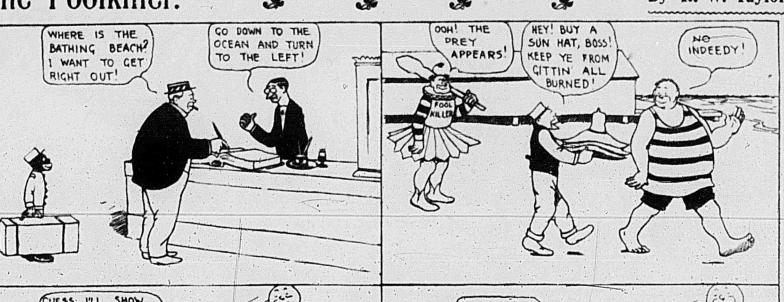
Dean Hole, being in a railway carriage with a man who hored him with any stupid questions as to the names of the successive stations, was finally asked by him, "What comes after 'Itchin'?" "Scratchin'," replied the dean, Douglas Jerrold, meeting a bore in the street, found himself promptly buttor

holed by the latter. "What's going on?" asked the bore. "I am," said Jerrold, Vanilla Wafers. eleric replied: "You might go further and fare worse."

To an opponent in argument who denied the existence of purgatory, a Catholic

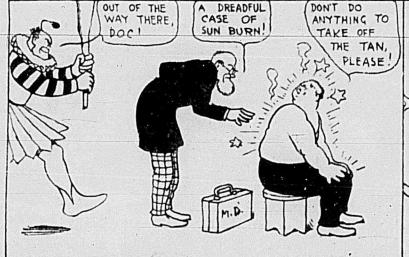
How Ships Are Growing.

of vanilla. Mix stiff and roll thin on well floured board. Cut in strips about Some idea of the increase of the size of ocean going ships may be obtained two inches wide; make little grooves Some idea of the increase of the size of ocean going ships may be obtained from the following: In 1860 the length of the longest ship in existence was 200 feet; in 1885, 875 feet; in 1











Boarding-House Fables

By Joseph A. Flynn



S there any truth in the rumor about that pretty girl on the third floor going to be married?". I asked Tess yesterday

'Yes," she answered, brushing a speck of dust off my coat, "she's going to take the fatal plunge into the Sca of founds off my mind I got her ear, told her she hadn't turned.

"You might as well talk to The-Bird-In-Nellie's-Hat. Her heart's going the mat she sees in the Moving Van she's going to change her name for I pass.

Hymnbook-Mary, up under the beams, said when she got spliced to Clocking Ike, The fishballs that you'd pass up on Friday 'd tickle the next guy to death. He'd

ope is like the Fat Boy every week, and, according to her, he's the biggest apple on the tree, but I never could see it. Of course, I may be wrong. I'm not the only hat in the window. They say love is blind, but in her case it must be deaf and dumb and crippled for life. 'Now, don't think for a moment I'm putting him on the boil. Nix! He may

not be The-Dead-Picture-of-Father or Dainty Lulu with The-Best-In-The-Window, but then the Raggy Boys don't always make Bible story hubbles, not by a postage stamp. "Margie is 'Didn't-I-Meet-You-Before' on the face, and Sweet Grandma for

sympathy, and I hope she makes a good hit. I'd hate to see her miss the car, but if she gets in on the wrong floor she won't be the first, for a good many Moilies wake up after being ringed. "Marriage is a funny thing, isn't it? The way the Johns squirm around be-

fore the gates open you'd think they were betting on the ponies. They lose a couple of meals worrying till it's all over and tip the Main Squeeze before and not to make a break; but with Mollie it's different. That's her Hop from the time he slips the Genuine on her anxious fork until the Bless-You-My-Children calls time, and then she's Borry Sam It's over.

"Every night she hits that dope up good and strong. She sees herself gliding p Millionaire's Row in the church, walking on silver bubbles, kicking tons of Seven-Dollar-Beauties out of the way, and with a swell cover on her back that the whole family had to suffer for. Then the bell rings, He comes up with the yellow hoop, she says 'I DO,' Father floods his face, Mother throws a fit, the organ does the same, everybody's there with a smack on the lips, and then she gets the last decent ride she'll ever get until St. Peter calls down the tube and asks what's keeping her.

"Just then the happy team in the next cave have a gentle argument and start to juggle stoves and furniture, and it brings her back to her Six-by-Four for a minute, but she turns over in the bed, the dope begins to sizz again, and she sees Her-Clarence, with One-She-Picked-Herself in his buttonhole and her 'Look-Pleasant-Please' in his vest pocket, stabbing the world in the face and bringing home bushels of plunks and tons of Glory all for her."

"Well," I inquired after a short pause, "does the tale stop there?" "No, and you know it doesn't," she replied, casting an X-ray glance over the mail on the marble slab before the mirror. "They're not long hitched up, when one night he meets a couple of Wabblers and is overcome by the heat. Then she comes out of her trance and finds out her Only-Only's no better than the rest of the Jollying-Johns-only a little bit worse,

ARETHUSA

A Princess in Slavery

bers in order to warm some milk. Agatha and her three children to the "I am cold," complained the sufferer, beggars' quarter as a last refuge when

AKEINUSA

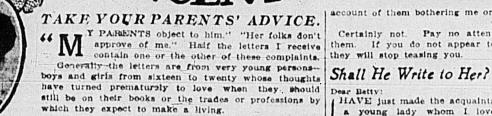
By F. Marion Crawford,
Author of "Mr. Isaacs." "Dr. Claudius," Etc.

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CENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS



In my opinion, any parent, whether stern indulgent, is justified in opposing any marriage of any often, and I think she likes me as much said, but they did not tell him anything child under twenty-one. In fact, I believe no man under twenty-five and no as I do her. I would like to know if it they themselves said or of how they woman under twenty-one should be legally able to marry.

onade.

Most of the marital misery of the world comes from ill-advised and early The parent that seems stern to you now you may in a few years, if you take his or her advice, learn to bless for saving you from your own folly, Give your parents a chance to prove the wisdom of their advice.

AM a young man of German descent make fun of my father's business, and have a girl whose name is Lil- which is a delicatessen store, always

one cup of butter, add one teaspoon

of soda, dissolved in five table-

spoons of sweet milk; one teaspoonit

oblige, yours truly,

Warned Her Against Him.

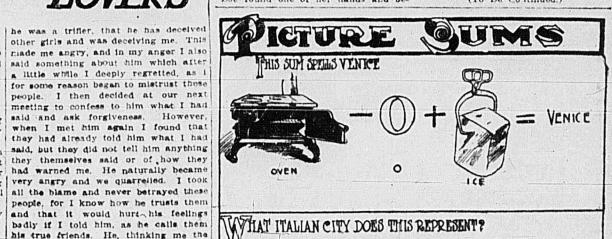
make fun of me and her. They also | HAVE known a gentleman for sev- him.

Certainly not. Pay no attention to made me angry, and in my anger I also them. If you do not appear to mind said something about him which after a little while I deeply regretted, as i for some reason began to mistrust these people. I then decided at our next meeting to confess to him what I had HAVE just made the acquaintance of said and ask forgiveness. However, a young lady whom I love very when I met him again I found that much. She has spoken of me very they had already told him what I had would be proper for me to write to her had warned me. He naturally became or first ask her permission. By giving very angry and we quarrelled. I took me your advice on this subject you will all the blame and never betrayed these oblige, yours truly, ANXIOUS. people, for I know how he trusts them You must first ask her if you may and that it would hurt his feelings badly if I told him, as he calls them his true friends. He, thinking me the only guilty one, has never quite forgiven me, and this is all I asked of

eral years of whom I thought a I would most certainly tell him they great deal. One day I went to visit warned you against him. You owe it lian. I love her dearly and she calling me and asking me how is the some intimate friends of his, who to yourself. Do not be misled by matold me she loved-me. I work in an business. Should I give my girl up on warned me against him, telling me that licious gossips again.

When pouring coffee in beat the egg

suls of hot lard; roll meat in flour, malt, and pepper sauce; put in the



HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER. oven, spacing a little, as they spread in mixed fruit on the lettuce; dress with the egg mixture a few drops at a time baking. It is necessary only to grease mayonnaise and garnish with English until mixture is warm; then fill quickly. one egg. one coffee cup of sugar,

Summer Salad.

Clear Coffee.

THREE oranges, three bananas and N a large pup or ginss, one that will Pot Roast. one pineapple, canned wiff do; add nary cupfuls, or one-half pint, beat fuls of hot lard; roll meat in flour